

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL HATON.
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.
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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

HOW TO READ COWS.
The Agricultural world has been recently roused by a real or pretended discovery, in France, by which the very character of a cow may be read by means of certain signs, tokens, quirks and kinks on, in, and about her person—body, we mean.

The discoverer of this *covological* science is M. Guenon, of Libourne, in France. A committee appointed by the Agricultural Society of Bordeaux, entered into an investigation of Mr. G.'s discovery, and made a favorable report, corroborating his statements; and the Society decreed:

- 1st, That a gold medal be awarded to him.
- 2d, That he be proclaimed a member of the Society.
- 3d, That fifty copies of his work on milk cows be subscribed for.
- 4th, That a thousand copies of the report be printed for distribution among the Agricultural Societies of France.

This report alleges that Mr. Guenon has established a natural mode, by which it is easy to recognize and class the different kinds of milk cows according to—

- 1st, The quantity of milk which they can yield daily.
- 2d, The period during which they will continue in milk.
- 3d, The quality of their milk.

Now what more does a man want to know about cows? The days of cheating and shaming in cows are over. Every cow, henceforth, carries a certificate of her true character legibly written, and he who "runs my read," provided, nevertheless, he learns how of Mr. G. and then has faith as a grain of mustard seed.

The treatise is accompanied by a lithographic cut of a cow, in which the distinctive tell tale marks are laid down, and which consist, as the report says, of various kinds of escutcheons of different shapes and sizes, formed by the hair growing in different directions, and bound by lines where these different growths of hair meet. They are visible on the posterior part of the cow, from the udder to the tail, and every one who hath eyes can, and may see and judge for himself.

Henceforth, pint pots and creamometers are of no use in a dairy. A single glance of the eye will be sufficient, and every heifer, and unfortunate cow that cannot boast of the A. No. 1 kinks and curls of hair, will be consigned to the butcher, and her life pay the forfeit for not being in the French fashion.

We shall publish the whole of these *wizard* rules, as soon as we can get hold of an authentic copy of the work. In the mean time, we advise our friends to keep quiet, to treat their cows, whether of high or low degree, with attention and kindness. Keep them warm and feed them as liberally as their circumstances will admit, and not forget the calf, even at the risk of disturbing the natural quirkiness of the hair by which the value of the beast can be read by the experienced eye of the assessors or purchasers who may loaf along your premises, with a view to ascertain what to tax you, or where the good bargains are.

The French, we would observe, are a peculiar people. They will blow the largest bubble with the least gas of any nation on earth, and do a great business either in science or commerce with mighty little capital. We shouldn't wonder if Monsieur's discovery is a little on the Hum—order. *Nous Verrons.*

COST OF RAISING INDIAN CORN.

The statements made by Mr. S. M. Stanley, at one of the Agricultural meetings at the State House, in Boston, and which we published last week, have started some of our readers. Mr. Stanley formerly resided in Kennebec County, and is well known in the neighborhood where he resided as a good farmer and a man of veracity. He stated that, charging one half of the manure and breaking up to future crops, the cost of raising, besides the fodder, ranges from 6 to 14 cents, seldom exceeding a shilling per bushel.

This crop has generally been thought to be one of the most expensive crops that is raised in New England; but we have long been of the opinion that if "fair play" was given it, the cost need not be so much above other crops as to lead to a relinquishment of its culture. We recollect that a statement was made some years ago to a committee of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society, by a person who applied for a premium on this crop. The cost then was put down to two shillings; many disadvantages attended the cultivation of it which enhanced the cost.

We once kept debt and credit with an acre of corn. The year was not very favorable, and we charged the whole expense to the crop. The expense per bushel, came up to forty-two cents. Corn, with us then, sold at 75 cents.

There is an idea that it is an uncertain crop—that either drouth of summer, or frosts of autumn, injure it. Now, we doubt if there is any sorer crop among us. We wish we could obtain a history of the early hard frosts that have taken place for the last twenty or thirty years, with a view of ascertaining how often this crop has suffered by frosts. We dare say that it has ripened as often as any crop that we cultivate. Farmers would do well to plant an extra acre next year, for the sole purpose of grinding up corn and cobs together. The improvement of mills for this purpose make it quite an object to provide an abundance of this kind of feed.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1846. NO. 10.

FRUIT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is astonishing what improvement has been made within twenty or thirty years, not only in the quantity but in the quality of the fruit now brought into Boston Market. We can remember walking, when a boy, through the market, and could not help remarking—though but little interested in those things then—(though perhaps we should say more interested, for we were seeking wherewithal to satisfy a pretty keen appetite,) that there was but few good apples or pears to be found. Now you can hardly go amiss of them. The statistical returns of that State, recently taken, include the value of fruit, and we are indebted to the Boston Journal for some of the facts which it has compiled from them in regard to the subject.

We suppose it means the amount raised and actually sold. Middlesex county wears the bell among the counties, as being the greatest fruit region. Then comes Worcester in regard to amount, but Norfolk stands second in the value. The Cape counties, Barnstable and Dukes, do not raise much, and it seems that Nantucket raises little or none.

The town which, according to the returns, raises the most, is Wilbraham, in Hampden county, amounting to 51,832 bushels, though its value, probably, from its distance to market, is much less. West Cambridge walks up next in the scale of quantity—she rolls out 50,340 bushels. Then comes Danvers, Newbury, Hopkinton, and Roxbury.

As far as value is concerned, Brookline stands caput, being \$37,843. Roxbury counts \$30,852. West Cambridge, \$25,175. Watertown, \$30,000. We presume that the value of fruit must vary on account of two reasons—1st, because of the difference in quality—and 2d, on account of the proximity to a good market. The latter cannot be controlled, but the former can be by all who cultivate fruit. It is just as easy to cultivate good fruit as bad. A tree "bringing forth good fruit," requires no more of this world's space, no more sun light, air, &c., than the tree that produces that which is mean and worthless.

We wish we could know the amount and value of fruit raised and sold in Maine, but there seems to be a great fear "among the powers that be," in ascertaining the real, actual, industrial strength and wealth of our State. Even when returns are made that would throw light upon these things, they are kept carefully locked up, and not published, for fear a ray of light might escape, that would exhibit us just as we are.

SMOKE 'EM OUT. The good farmer will look at his sheep and see if they are infested with ticks. A little tobacco smoke put in among the wool will give these vermin their quietus, and if you haven't an apparatus suitable to apply it, you can have a first rate one made at Mead & Co.'s in this village. We obtained one last winter and found it an excellent article for the purpose.

BEANS WITH INDIAN CORN.

During the last year I wrote a short communication for your paper, in which I stated the advantages which would probably result from planting beans between the rows of corn. I cannot say that my experience the last year proves conclusively that to plant beans among corn, under all circumstances, is good policy. My corn field was pretty rich, and rather liberally manured. Upon about one half of the field I planted beans between the rows. During the summer the corn and the beans looked finely, but the result was not what I anticipated. The ears of corn were not so large nor so well filled upon the part of the field where the beans were planted, as upon the other part of the field, and the crop of beans, when threshed, proved to be rather light.

I visited a field, belonging to a neighbor of mine, planted with corn and beans between the rows. This field was very fertile, having been abundantly manured. The owner, a good practical farmer, observed that he should have a "swamp" of corn stalks and bean vines, but a light crop of corn and beans. He gave his opinion decidedly against planting beans among corn. Perhaps on land moderately fertile or not very highly manured, it may be good policy to plant beans among corn, but on land very fertile or highly manured, such a practice may not always be advisable. Land highly manured will most commonly make a great *sheaf* of weeds after haying, and these should be removed, always taking especial care not to injure the roots of the growing corn and luxuriant bean vines, and pumpkin vines form rather a bad obstruction to the careful hand of the farmer, or to the hand hoe.

I intend to prepare one field for corn, the present year, and manure rather liberally, broadcast, and also in the hill, and I think I shall neither plant beans nor pumpkin seeds among the corn. I intend to plant my beans in a field, separately. Some think that pumpkins will yield more abundantly when planted along with corn. I intend to prepare a small field, and plant it in rows four feet apart, putting a pumpkin seed in once to every two hills of corn. The pumpkin vines may indeed diminish the value of the corn crop, but where the main object is to obtain a crop of pumpkins, it should not be regretted. By experimenting we may add, every year, more or less to the sum of agricultural knowledge.

But, Mr. Editor, our ablest and best farmers are silent—why will they not communicate? When will public opinion say a word to action? When shall we witness a proper union of efforts among our farmers? J. E. ROYCE.

Rumford, February, 1846.
The Newburyport Herald states that the Brig Henry, nearly ready to sail from that port, for Oregon, takes eighteen passengers, twelve males and six females.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

The following is a description of the disease as it was observed in Germany. The article was written by Prof. Kutzing, and was published in the *Bot. Zeitung* of Oct. 10. We copy it from the *London Annals of Natural History*.

"The disease of potatoes have of late years attained so unusual an extent of diffusion, that their investigation must become of universal importance, especially when we recollect that this is the only means of ascertaining the cause of the disease.

"During the present year a disease has appeared in the potatoes growing around Nordhausen, with which the author of this communication was not previously acquainted; nor is it mentioned in the writings which have in modern times treated of the diseases of potatoes.

It is of a totally different nature from the so-called dry rot, (causes of the tubers,) in which the starch granules become so altered as to exhibit minute brown fungi similar to those of corn-smut, and the cellular tissue which surrounds these bodies, becomes destroyed or dissolved at a subsequent period only. In the disease of the present year, an alteration and solution of the cellular tissue alone is visible, the starch granules remaining within it in a sound and unaltered state. For this reason I have called it cell-rot.

"The cell-rot first appears just beneath the cuticle of the tubers, and always extends from thence towards the interior. It constantly commences with a brownish discoloration of the substance, which at first is still firm and solid, but gradually assumes a lighter and darker color until it is dissolved and forms a greasy, soft, dark brown (sometimes verging to violet) mass, which possesses a fetid odor.

"On microscopic examination perfectly healthy starch granules may be detected in all the stages of the disease, a proof that the true nutritious ingredient is not destroyed by this change, but the cells which contain these starch granules and which in the healthy substance are clear, colorless and extraordinary transparent, even in the earliest stage of the disease appear of a yellowish color, and the membranes exhibit a finely granular structure, which impairs their transparency. As the disease progresses, the color and granular structure of the surface of the cells increase, until at last they are either partially or completely dissolved, the starch granules pass out of them, and become mixed with the decomposed mass. At this period we find in the fluid decomposed cellular mass a fine filamentous fungus, which frequently extends to the surface of the diseased cells, and is diffused through the soft mass, in a ramified form or united into bundles. Its formation, as I have satisfactorily observed, is a consequence of the decomposition of the cells, for it is not present in the earliest state of the disease.

"The cause of this disease appears to depend partly upon too great an amount of moisture, partly on too copious a supply of manure to the soil; both induce too rapid a growth of the tubers, which renders the formation of a strong and durable cellular membrane impossible. Moreover, all the potatoes which have experienced the cell-rot contain a much larger amount of aqueous constituents than the sound ones. It may be expected that the disease of the tubers which are laid up for winter store will extend itself, and finally destroy them, if care be not taken to preserve them in a dry place, whereby a portion of the excess of moisture may be removed. The author has found that the disease remains stationary when they are dried; at least at the end of several weeks it has not attacked the neighboring parts. These diseased potatoes might be used to obtain potato starch, as also for distillation, without there being any necessity for throwing away the diseased portions, or even those which become putrid. In the preparation of starch, however, the washing must be continued longer than usual. They may also be used without injury, after having been boiled, to feed cattle upon, but the water in which they are boiled should be thrown away. They are perfectly useless for planting, for the disease is found generally to extend from those points at which the young buds are situated; the germ is also frequently destroyed."

BLACK WHITING FLUID.—Boil 4 oz. shellac, 2 oz. borax, and 1 quart of water, till dissolved, add 2 oz. dissolved gum arabic; boil, strain, and further add enough of a mixture of equal parts of calcined lampblack and indigo previously triturated to an impalpable fineness, to produce a proper color; agitate well, let it stand two or three hours to deposit the coarser portion of the powder, and bottle for use. This fluid is incorrodible, and indestructible when dry. It resists the action of water, oil, turpentine, alcohol, the dilute acids, chlorine, alkalies, or other reagents, unless when so concentrated as to destroy the paper. It flows easier from the pen when the gum is omitted.

WATERPROOF CLOTH.—Moisten the cloth on the wrong side, first with a weak solution of isinglass, and when dry, with an infusion of nutgalls. **Sievier's Patent.**—Apply first a solution of Indian rubber in oil of turpentine, and afterwards another Indian rubber varnish, rendered very drying by the use of driers. On this, wool or other material of which the fabric is made, cut into proper lengths, is spread, and the whole passed through a press, whereby the surface acquires a nap or pile.

Potter's Patent.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum, and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, it is brushed on the wrong side against the grain, and then gone over with a brush dipped in water. This cloth is impervious to water, but not to air. [N. Y. Mechanic.

We find the following in one of our exchanges and frankly confess that we more than doubt the truth of the statement. [N. E. Farmer.
"A farmer near Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a plough with his own hands. It looked so ugly when finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an apple tree; but it got loose during the night, and killed two of his best calves!"

SETTLING ACCOUNTS ANNUALLY—TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF FARM, STOCK, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—Enclosed are two dollars which you will please pass to my credit for the Ploughman. A few useful hints thrown out by you in the last Ploughman on writing for the press, have induced me to try my hand at it. I don't know how I shall succeed, but I presume you will say I have begun well and will recommend to all your (especially) delinquent subscribers to begin in the same way.

How is it, Mr. Editor, with your numerous patrons, have you sufficiently urged upon them the importance of having all their accounts squared by the first of January? No farmer should ever allow an account to run over a year; if he has not the money, call and settle and give his note, remembering that short settlements make long friends. No prudent merchant or mechanic ever allows the first of January to pass without settling all his accounts that it is possible for him to settle, and taking a minute account of all his stock, making a record of all his debts due and debts owed, and then strike the balance; by so doing he is enabled at once to see how he stands in the world; whether he has been making or losing money. Why should not the farmer pursue the same course? Why not some stormy day, after having carried the children to school, sit down, pen and ink in hand, and make a record of all the cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, poultry, hay and grain, carriages and harnesses, farming tools, produce and provision of all kinds, &c., &c., &c. Then when the boys come home from school take them into the barn and let them help price the stock. Ask James what he thinks the steers are worth, and John what he thinks old Buck and Broad would bring, going over all the articles enumerated in the schedule in the same way.

In the evening, take the girls into the dairy and let them help price the butter and cheese, and the good wife help price the various articles of provisions, and then sit down and calculate what improvement has been made on the farm this year; how much stone wall has been built, how much swampy land has been reclaimed, and brought into good English grass. After having estimated the value of these improvements set that down with the other articles; then set down all the debts due, add them up, and then set down all debts owed in another column; subtract this from the other, thus you have the exact account of your affairs at a single glance.

All this can be done in one short stormy day. What a useful improvement might be made of this day's work? The boys' judgments would be improved, a spirit of economy would be inculcated throughout the family. No dutiful wife or affectionate child would desire to involve a parent in expenditures beyond his income, could they know the exact state of his affairs; in fact, the whole business of the year would be conducted in reference to the day of reckoning. But, Mr. Editor, I had almost forgotten the subject which I sat down to write upon; that was, to tell a pig story. I have long watched the ploughman to see who was going to bear off the palm in the pig line this year, thinking that if any one could tell a bigger story than I could, I wouldn't tell mine, as I hate to be beat; but as it has got so late in the pig season I will venture to tell mine. I raised a pig this season which I slaughtered the 24 day of Dec., which was then two hundred and six days old, which weighed, after it was dressed, 306 lbs., making a fraction over one and a half lbs. gain per day, after it was dressed from the day of its birth. If you have heard a louder grunt than this don't publish mine. STEPHEN PATTEN.

West Amesbury, Ms., Jan. 13, 1846.

Mr. Patten has given some very useful hints in regard to settlements among neighbors. Settle every year by all means, while your dealings are fresh in mind, and such settlements, short ones, will make long friends. Probably no one thing produces so much hardness among neighbors as a settlement of accounts of long standing. One man who keeps accurate charges in his own favor has greatly the advantage of another who trusts to memory. It is the best policy of the man who keeps not a regular book to settle often, while he can remember what his dealings have been.

We like the suggestions of our correspondent as to taking an account of farm stock, tools, &c. Let the boys be put to exercise their own judgment on the value of the different animals on the farm. In this way the judgment is improved and the youngsters will be more likely to do business methodically. If the father has never practised taking an annual account of stock the son will not think it necessary, unless, may be, he has a superior mind and resolved to think for himself.

Farmers ought, for their own benefit, to reckon occasionally with themselves. You sometimes hear one say, "I have made nothing this year—I own as much as ever and my stock has not been increased." Yet this same man has been building walls, bringing bog meadow into English grass, and making other permanent improvements that will add to his annual income as much as the interest on \$500. This he has laid up in store, yet he counts it not.

The pig story must appear, whether or no. (Mass. Ploughman.

A THRIFTY TOWN. Bath, Maine, has 5000 inhabitants, 7 churches—some of them very beautiful, 3 Banks with an aggregate capital of \$195,000, a school system that may well excite the envy of neighboring towns, lots of lawyers and doctors, 2 printing offices, 2 weekly newspapers, a custom House, the largest amount of tonnage of any town in the State, an immense amount of taxable property, among which may be reckoned 3 large Lumber mills, a Rope Walk, a Nail Factory, an Iron Foundry, 2 Brass Foundries, 3 Machine Shops, which are propelled by 9 Steam Engines, and yet there is no Insurance Office, no Savings Bank, no Cotton or Woolen Factory, and we are sorry to add, no Lyceum, no literary society of any description. [Bath Inquirer.

THE WILD CATTLE OF TEXAS.

A recent number of the Houston Telegraph, contains the following article in relation to the wild cattle of Texas:

The settlers who have recently opened farms near the sources of San Gabriel and Brushy, find the country well stocked with a singular breed of wild cattle. Large droves of these cattle are found not only on the San Gabriel, Leona and other tributaries of Little River, but also on the San Saba, the Llano, and many tributaries of the Upper Colorado, far above the settlements. They differ in form, color and habits from all the varieties of domestic cattle in Texas. They are invariably of a dark brown color, with a slight tinge of dusky yellow on the tip of the nose and belly. Their horns are remarkably large, and stand out straight from the head. Although these cattle are generally much larger than the domestic cattle, they are more fleet and nimble, and when pursued, often outstrip horses that easily outrun the buffalo; they seldom venture far out into the prairies, but are generally found in or near the forests that skirt the streams in that section. Their meat is of an excellent flavor, and is preferred by the settlers to the meat of the domestic cattle. It is said that their fat is so hard and compact that it will not melt in the hottest days of summer; and the candles formed with it are far superior to those that are formed with the tallow of other cattle. Some persons have supposed that it is possible these cattle are a distinct race, indigenous to America; and the immense species of fossil ox found in the beds of the Brazos and Colorado, would seem to strengthen this opinion. But as these cattle are now found only in the vicinity of the old Missions, it is much more probable that they are the descendants of the cattle introduced by the early Spanish adventurers. It is said that a species of wild cattle differing from all the domestic breeds of the Eastern continent, is found in the Sandwich Islands; but it is well ascertained that this breed is derived from the domestic cattle that were left on those islands by Vancouver. These cattle are so wild that they only can be caught alive by entrapping them in disguised pits. The celebrated botanist, Douglas, while on a tour in one of those islands, fell into one of these pits, and was gored to death by a wild bull, who had been thus entrapped. Several attempts have been made by the settlers on the San Gabriel to domesticate the wild cattle in that section, but they have thus far been unsuccessful. As they are far superior to the domestic cattle of the country, not only in size, strength and agility, but also in the flavor of their meat and the density of their fat, they might, if once domesticated, become a valuable acquisition to the agriculturists of this country.

CHEESE-MAKING.

Experienced cheese makers and managers of large dairies will probably derive no benefit from any thing I can write on this subject. I only flatter myself the inexperienced may gather some hints which will be of service to them. And now the thought suggests itself that I had better merely give your readers a description of the method used in our family in making cheese. Encomiums are often passed (now don't think me egotistical) by visitors on the cheese of our table. In summer we have from six to ten cows; two milkings usually make a cheese weighing 15 lbs.—in cool weather three milkings are often used. The rennet is made of the stomach of a calf, dried and preserved with salt. The quantity of rennet used depends upon its quality. If good, two ounces is sufficient for 60 quarts of milk. Too much rennet makes the cheese strong and puffy; too little causes a waste of milk, from the curd not forming. This is put to soak in water a few hours before it is needed. The evening's milk is placed in the cellar for coolness, and in the morning is heated to the temperature of that from the cow, say 85 deg.; after which the water in which the rennet has been soaked is added, and thoroughly mixed with the milk. Within an hour the milk usually coagulates or comes; when it is carefully cut with a long wooden knife and left a few minutes for the whey to separate from the curd. A cloth strainer is thrown over it, and the whey dipped off as long as it can be done conveniently, when the curd is broken and dipped into the strainer and basket to drain; the corners of the strainer are gathered together and a weight of ten or twelve pounds placed upon it, more completely to express the whey, in which situation it is left an hour, when it is removed to the bowl and sliced. A pile of the whey first dipped off is now heated so warm that the finger can only be borne in it without pain, (usually 120 or 130 deg.), and poured upon it. Care is taken in this, as scalding the curd too much renders the cheese hard, and scalding it not enough inclines it to spread and crack. The warm whey is left on until the curd will make a slight noise, (*squeak*, mother calls it) when bitten; then it is restored to the strainer and basket and left a few minutes to drain. It is then replaced in the bowl, cut in pieces, salt added and thoroughly mixed; 6 oz. salt is usually enough for a curd of 15 lbs., but the taste of the maker is perhaps as good a criterion. At this time butter is often added to increase the richness of the cheese. It is now ready for the press, where after remaining four or five hours, it is taken out, turned, trimmed, a dry cloth placed over it, and again returned to the press, where it is well rubbed with butter, and for the first two or three days buttered and turned morning and evening, and for many weeks after turned once a day. LIZZY.

Terrace Farm, May 20, 1845.

AMOUNT OF INDIAN CORN IN 1840.

The amount of Indian corn, as reported to Congress by those who took the census in 1840, was three hundred and seventy-seven millions, five hundred and one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five bushels. In 1840 only 574,379 bushels were exported, and 306,063 bushels of Indian meal were exported. [Bath Inquirer.

LABOR AND ITS WORTH.

No one needs other evidence of the worth of labor than the fact that it affords all the material for wealth and opulence. Without it we are but a tribe of rude barbarians, living in idleness, surrounded by vice, and wholly incapable of advancing a single step in the path of improvement. The first blow of the axe, in the wilderness, is the first strike for liberty, and the first log hut that is erected is the embryo of enlightenment. Thus began American prosperity. When our forefathers first entered the trackless wild, instead of being content to seek precarious food, with the natives of the forest, they bared the arm of industry—changed the desert to a fruitful garden—poured out their sweat over the fields of promise—and secured to posterity the blessings of a free and independent government. Let us now survey this portion of the soil, which but a few years since was but a woodland waste, and what do we behold? The verdure clad hills and fertile valleys are teeming with the products of the earth—densely populated cities give a display of wealth and magnificence—flourishing towns and villages ornament every part of the Union—and abundant prosperity crowns our well-directed efforts. To whom are we indebted for all this? To the farmer, the laborer, the mechanic, the working-man—the stamina of the land; to him who builds a mansion of splendor for the proud one—who procures for him the necessities and the luxuries of life—facilitates his way to farther aggrandizement—and in return receives his bounty without a murmur. Let the practical knowledge and assistance of the working class be withheld, how soon would dependent opulence and comparative indigence find an equilibrium. Different grades and classes are naturally but not equally dependent. The services of working men are of incalculable value to a nation; whereas, the means afforded by the wealthy, can only be turned to individual account, and merely under existing circumstances—for we repeat, that in proportion as wealth and magnificence receive a decline from the withdrawal of manual aid, the interest of the working community will rise, in consequence of the latter possessing advantages of the former.

Seeing, then, that the worth of labor is beyond all calculation, ought it not to be recompensed by something more than a poor pittance? That it does not receive anything like an adequate reward, is evident from the depressed condition of many an honest mechanic. The present system of robbing the poor man of the comforts for the sake of adding luxuries to the stores of the rich, is, in the highest degree, reprehensible. In the language of Scripture, "Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst treat him thus?" But we hold that the employed is no more a servant than the employer, far rather than he is rendered such by usurpation. If we are born free and equal, we come upon the stage of life *equally free*, and it should be our aim to watch over our rights, our freedom, and our just demands, with a vigilance that will not admit of the slightest infringement. Mechanics of all professions have homes to provide for, families to support, and individual wants to supply; how can they meet such imperative requirements, without sufficient compensation for their labor? We would be glad to see the price of labor raised to a respectable though not unjust standard.

We have been led into these remarks by the daily complaints that come to us of the inadequacy of the reward of labor. That there is some defect in the great system of labor and reward, all must admit, and we hold it to be the first duty of the age, to devise some efficient remedy. [Hudson River Chronicle.

CEMENT ROOFING.—A. M. Crosby, of Louisville, in a Nashville paper, has practiced a new method of roofing houses with much success. His process he describes as follows:

"On the rafters I use a sheeting of plank, laid close but not jointed; then from one end to the other, over the ridge, I draw, and tack down any kind of strong tow canvass or cloth, closely to the eaves, and a tack once in three inches, all along the edge over the roof. These strips of cloth I lay down, letting the edges overlap about one inch, until the whole roof is covered. I am not very sparing of tacks, but put them in cross rows at intervals of four or six feet from the eaves to the ridge of the building. The cement is prepared as follows: Melt in a kettle 8 lbs. rosin, and 8 lbs. tallow; then, in a tub standing by, mix it with four gallons North Carolina tar, (be careful and not get cold tar, as it will rot the canvass.) Then stir in two quarts fine waterlime, as you would in making mush—then take the cement, in a warm state, in a bucket, and, with a common white-wash brush, lay it on the cloth, rubbing it thoroughly in. Let it then be, for drying, about four days. Then make more cement in the same way, and lay it on, as before, and sift dry sand on the surface—as much as will stick on. In a week put on a third coat in the same way; and if it is well done, not a drop of water will get through it for five years, when another coating may be required.

"The roof described cost me one-third less than a shingle covering—will not take fire from sparks or cinders from another building on fire—is entirely water-proof, and with an outlay of five dollars once in three or four years, will last thirty years."

A GOOD IDEA. A gentleman living near the Schuylkill river has hit upon a novel and less troublesome method of getting ice. He has a pipe laid along his lot with a number of branches, which conducts the Schuylkill water to perpendicular pipes, with revolving arms. The arms in turning slowly throw out the water in small jets, which freeze as fast as it falls, and makes large circular cakes of ice around them, of several inches thickness every night. All the labor and expense of cutting and carting ice from the river or pond are thus avoided, and the ice-houses are ready filled. [N. Y. Mirror.

"THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PRAIRIE." A letter from Texas to the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, says that the "White Horse of the Prairie," seen by the "Ex-Santa-Fee Prisoners," and other travellers, has been caught alive. The writer says—

"I saw him a prisoner, tied by one leg, deprived of his freedom, and visited by many as a natural curiosity. He is a flea-bitten grey, about fourteen hands high, well proportioned, and built a good deal after the pattern of a Connagsta No. 2. His head and neck are really beautiful—perfect Arabian—the face—simile of the Godolphin. Beautiful ears, large nostrils, great breadth of forehead, and a throat as large as any I have ever seen in a blood nag. His beautiful white mane is two feet long, and his foretop in proportion. He was very much lacerated about his head and legs, the effects of the lasso in catching him. From his appearance he must be quite old, 20 or 25.

The guano used in the vineyards of Prince Metternich so deteriorated the quality of the wine that the plantations have been uprooted.

Sabbath Reading.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION TO THE POOR.

BY FEROVAL.

There is a monarch, and her heart is broken—
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred text
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks not wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than heaven's a delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics, would you poor
Your blessing vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's
night!

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her rescued jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall
And write in her desolation, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, can not pall
Her unperpetrated pain, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.
Even as a fountain, whose untroubled wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing as they lave,
The pebbles, with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.
And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her; Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here; and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall cover her;
There is the health which lasts through all eternity.

GOO SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

In the beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, as you travel the western bank of the river, which you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron.

He had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived in his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him saying, "are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The Baron then said to the young man, "the gentleman said he did not know what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture much and said, 'whoever drew this picture knows well how to use the pencil.'"

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers

and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron, "he knows the name of almost every plant."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village, and showed him a neat cottage, where his son had established a school and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his work, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of my Heavenly Father. I know by his works, that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.

THE MOTHER AT PRAYER.—She enters her chamber. All is quiet and retired. There is no eye to witness her deep emotions, but that of God; no ear to hear her earnest pleadings, but that of the Almighty. A sweet and solemnity pervades her soul. She feels that she is about to commune with a Being who holds her destiny in his hands, but who, notwithstanding his power and might, encouraged to come, and will condescend and even delight to listen to her prayer.

She bows her knees before him, and lifts her imploring eyes to heaven. Oh, hallowed moment! Oh, interesting sight! Listen to the language of her heart. For what does she plead? It is for her dear children. What does she ask for them? Not the riches of earth, nor the plaudits of surrounding admirers, nor the external gracefulness and beauty of youth. These are, in her estimation, of little value. Instead of these, she asks for dear ones the protection of God, and for strength to discharge all her duty towards them. With what anxious solicitude is each one remembered before him, from the absent son on the boisterous ocean, to the unconscious babe of her bosom. She asks, that from the earliest risings of infancy, the best tribute of their hearts may ascend to their Creator. With what pious earnestness does she plead, as the recollection of the many snares and temptations which they must encounter, crosses her anxious mind. It is then she feels her own weakness, and her entire dependence upon God. It is then she sees her need of Divine assistance and support, and the vast importance of maternal prayer. It is then she fervently exclaims, "Of myself I can do nothing; oh, thou who holdest the hearts of my children in thy hand, I bless thee for this resource." I know that the mother's prayer of faith will avail much. When the season of prayer is over, she leaves her chamber with a spirit refreshed and invigorated; with a mind untroubled. She has left all in the hand of God. The serenity of her soul is visible in her countenance. It sweetens every day, and influences all her conduct.

Praying mother, surely thou art blest.—[Ex.]

AN IDEA—TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.—I can not believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like smoke from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!—[Bulver.]

Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

THE GREAT EXPRESS, ONCE MORE.

Since our last we have learned some additional particulars respecting the great express, as it is called. All the arrangements East of Boston were well made and well executed. But between Boston and New York there seems to have been bad arrangements, or greenhorns placed to carry out the arrangements that were made. We must except Mr. Twitchell, who, according to the Worcester Spy, did his part of the duties as became an energetic man. He engaged, says the Spy, "much against his will, having previously refused to give his personal attention to the matter. He consented, upon being urged, to ride the first twenty miles, taking no further responsibility; but not, however, until Tuesday evening, when there was not time to make suitable arrangements for relays of horses. On the arrival of the locomotive, he started and rode his twenty miles to Sturbridge; but finding the man sick who was to run the other fifteen miles, he mounted and rode on. At Strafford he was compelled to buy a horse in order to get on. After encountering other difficulties, he finally succeeded in getting to Hartford, sixty-three miles from Worcester, in less than four and one-half hours.

At Hartford no messenger nor locomotive were ready for New Haven, and Twitchell was compelled to assist in firing up an engine, and to go on to New Haven; where he found the messenger for New York a-bed and asleep, a mile and a half from the railroad depot. Having got him up and started, Mr. T. took the train for Hartford, and arrived at Worcester the same evening at 6 o'clock.

The Boston Traveller of the 28th ult., says, of the Montreal express, "we learn that, in running the first seven miles, a fine horse worth \$200 was wind-broken and spoilt, and the sleigh broken up and left by the way side, and that other horses had been injured before thirty miles had been run. And if this be a sample of the whole route, we may expect to hear of broken-winded horses if not of broken-headed men, all along the road to Montreal.

And now, seriously we would ask, why all this cruelty to horses, and this hazard of limb and life to men? It is for dollars and cents. But is it justifiable?"

Easy, friend Traveller, we suspect that you have been misinformed in regard to this. We have been informed by Mr. Bodge, who runs the express from Andover, in Oxford county, to Sherbrooke, that he injured none of his horses materially; and we understood him that none were hurt on the route.

Mr. Hobbs, who runs the express from Portland to Andover, got his horse into the snow drifts and broke his sleigh, but mounted the horse and rode him a mile to the next relay. Mr. Hobbs drove through his part of the route, (from Portland to Andover,) seventy-four miles in four hours and thirty-five minutes.

Mr. Bodge then started on his part of the route. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and was dark, but he put it through to Sherbrooke, ninety-four miles, in seven hours and thirty-seven minutes. Before the moon rose he had his horses down in the drifts three times, and had to unharness and harness again in the dark. This caused him, he thinks, about forty-two minutes delay. The moon arose about two o'clock, when he could see better, and he drove the last twenty miles in one hour and five minutes.

Mr. Waterhouse then took hold and ran into Montreal. The time of running from Portland to Montreal, was eighteen and a half hours, and this, too, in midwinter, part of the time in the darkness of night, when it was difficult to keep the track, and the track some of the way none of the best. It takes the Up Easters to carry express through the woods a little quicker than slow lightning.

CATALOGICAL.
To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:
Whether what I shall relate is a freak of nature or of Miss Grimalkin, I shall leave others to decide. A Malta cat, belonging to a Mr. M. Pierce, of Guilford, a few years ago, had some kittens without tails, and when they were old enough to run, it was noticed that they ran precisely like a rabbit. And it seems the fashion has taken well in the grimalkin family in town, for there are many now of the same fashion. I have seen several, and have scattered them, and had a hearty laugh, (and you would) to see with what *Don gre* they would tilt up their posteriors.

J. L.

Sengerville, Feb. 14th, 1846.

NOTE. We can't say to our friends' remarks in the language of the play, "there hangs a tale," but a friend at our elbow has given a tale to hang to it. Our neighbor, Squire B., informs us that, one cold night week before last, his cat went to the trough of the aqueduct to drink, and while in the act of drinking, her hind feet being in the water which trickled over, froze down. In the morning he found her made fast in Jack Frost's stocks and had to cut her out with his axe before she could be liberated. What do you think of such a catalogue from the category of *catalogical catastrophes*? [Ed.]

STATISTICS OF MASSACHUSETTS. In accordance with a law of the State, statistical returns of the amount of business done in Massachusetts, have been made to the Legislature and published. In 1842, the assessors of towns, cities and plantations in Maine, were required to collect similar facts and make returns to the Legislature. This was done; but though frequently urged to do it, not a Legislature since have had energy enough to have them published, and there they are in the Secretary's office doing no good. This is the second time that Massachusetts has published returns of her industrial activity. The value of her Agricultural products for the past year, were \$23,000,000; of her whole, cod and mackerel fisheries, \$11,000,000; of her manufacturing products, \$9,000,000.

AN INDIAN CONCERT.—was given at Oswego, N. Y., a few evenings since, by two chiefs of the Tuscarora tribe, with their wives. The Advertiser says the bass voice was excellent. Their object was to raise money for the purchase of religious books.

BAD EFFECTS OF ADVERTISING. A trader who has advertised but seldom, says he seldom advertises more than it does to place his reputation at stake. "How so?" we asked. "Why," he said, "I do business in a small way—when I advertise an article, I am so speedily out of it, that those that call a day or two afterward have doubts whether I had it at all!"

[Newburyport Herald.]

DAMAGE BY FLOWAGE.

There is one subject which causes more litigation among us than almost any other, and is a vexatious source of trouble and injustice to one party or other. It is damage caused by flowing land by mill dams. In the early days of the country, when mills were scarce and land was plenty, it was an object to the settler to have mills erected, and it was no matter how much land the mill owner flowed, for there was enough and to spare left. This kind of occupancy gave the mill owner a sort of right, over and above the farmer, and the laws were made to conform somewhat to this state of things. But times have changed. The country becomes filled with settlers. Land is scarce, because people begin to crowd each other for want of room for farming operations. It is found that the water which is thrown back by mill dams covers some of the best land in the country. The mill owner refuses to let down the water. The land owner commences an action and generally comes off second best, or is compelled to take a very small yearly payment for land that would yield him ten times that amount. Bread is taken from his mouth and put into that of the mill owner. Now the trouble to be settled is this: Let there be more equitable laws enacted. If I have a mill and my neighbor has a good meadow, don't give me the power to convert his meadow to my use without his consent. Let us have fair play.

A Bill for this purpose was introduced to the last session of our Legislature and put over to the next, with all parties to have it laid before the people, that all parties might understand it, and that a full and impartial consideration might be had upon it. It so changes the existing statutes that the Supreme and District Courts might have equity powers granted them to adjudicate in such disputes.

We here give you a copy of the bill that you may see what is proposed, and we should like to have a free and full discussion on the matter. Who will take the floor first?

BILL.

SEC. 1. That chapter 126 of the Revised Statutes be repealed, reserving in force so much thereof as may be necessary for the recovery, as therein provided for, of damages incurred before this Act shall take effect.

SEC. 2. That the power of the S. J. Court in equity including power to make dams to promote the ends of justice, and to issue writs of injunction to prevent injustice, shall be extended to all cases arising from dams erected under the protection of said chapter, or of prior Acts on the same principle, with power to protect such dams from abatement, to prevent actions at law for flowing, and to grant an equitable and adequate relief to the parties.

SEC. 3. That the Judges of the District Court shall have equity power concurrent with the S. J. Court in all cases coming within the preceding Section, with like power to make dams and to issue writs of injunction, and are authorized to execute the same act of term time, provided the parties interested be heard, or neglect to be heard after due notice, the record of all such proceedings to be made by the Clerk, under the direction of the Court in the County where the dam is situated.

SEC. 4. Any party requesting the attention of a District Judge to a case coming within the preceding Section out of term time, is required to give a bond to the satisfaction of such judge, to pay all cost that he may order such party to pay, the same cost or such part thereof, if any, as such judge may direct, is to be taxed in the Bill of Costs in favor of the prevailing party.

SEC. 5. That no length of time during which lands may have been flowed by dams erected for working of mills before this Act shall take effect, shall be evidence of a grant or license to flow such lands, or be taken to make up any part of the 20 years limitation provided for in chapter 147 of the Revised Statutes.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. This is an excellent monthly, published in New York City by William Taylor, and edited by Lawrence Labree. It contains sixty-four large 8vo pages, and four splendid steel plates, at each number. It is a capital affair, and you can have it for \$3 per annum. The plates alone are worth more than that.

Mr. Labree, the Editor, who we believe is a son of Maine, is a pleasant and sprightly writer, and discharges his duties to the satisfaction of his numerous readers. We think the work among the best of the day.

DRAWING AND STENOGRAPHY. Mr. Samuel Brown, well known as an excellent stenographer, has just closed a school for drawing, which he has taught for some time past in this town, with much success and profit to his pupils.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Brown proposes to visit Winthrop, Readfield, and Wayne, with a view of opening a school for instruction in the above branches. This will afford a rare opportunity to the youth of those villages to get a knowledge of the elementary principles of these useful and elegant branches. We commend him to parents as a good instructor.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. Charters have been granted for Lincoln Division, No. 20, Lincoln; Penobscot Co.; Exeter Division, No. 21, Exeter; Penobscot Co.; Frontier Division, No. 22, Calais; Washington Co.; Kenduskeag Division, No. 23, Levant; Penobscot Co.; Megunticook Division, No. 24, Camden; Waldo Co.; Kedron Division, No. 25, West Thomaston; Lincoln Co.

KENNEBEC AND BOSTON STEAM PACKET CO. The annual meeting of this corporation will be held at the Kennebec Hotel, in Augusta, on the 11th inst. instead of the 10th, as advertised in our last. Wednesday next is the day.

CONCERT by the Augusta Glee Club last Wednesday eve—house overflowed—singing excellent—playing do—audience delighted—Club do. Second Concert this (Wednesday) eve—full house expected—tickets at Stanwood's.

A GOLD MEDAL.—was, a few days since, presented to Gov. Briggs, of Mass., by the Parent Washington Total Abstinence Society of Boston, as a token of regard for his zeal in the cause of Temperance.

A VALUABLE LEAD MINE.—has recently been discovered in Texas, a few miles west of Dallas; and it is thought that there are many such in the region of country extending from Trinity river to the San Saba valley.

POWER OF SMALL POTATOES. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech to the House of Commons, attributed the late resignation of the Ministers to the failure of the potato crop.

REV. J. W. LAWTON.—has retired from the editorial chair of the Gardiner Fountain.

BAD EFFECTS OF ADVERTISING. A trader who has advertised but seldom, says he seldom advertises more than it does to place his reputation at stake. "How so?" we asked. "Why," he said, "I do business in a small way—when I advertise an article, I am so speedily out of it, that those that call a day or two afterward have doubts whether I had it at all!"

[Newburyport Herald.]

CONCERT AT STATE STREET CHAPEL.

There will be a concert, consisting of choruses, songs, duets, trios and quartettes, on Tuesday evening next, at State Street Chapel, under the direction of Mr. Horace Waters, who is to be assisted by some of our best singers, and others from abroad. Miss Wendeborn will play a number of pieces on the Aeolian Piano Forte, some of which have been composed expressly for that instrument.—She will also preside at the organ on the choruses.

It is expected that an orchestra from Hallowell will also give their assistance. The tickets can be had at Mr. Waters' store, at 25 cts. each, or six for \$1.

TOWN OFFICERS. At the town meeting on Monday last, Daniel Pike was chosen Town Clerk; J. J. Evelyth, Treasurer and Collector; David Bronson, Town Agent; Loring Cushing, Ephraim Ballard, John A. Pottingill, Selectmen; Rev. S. Judd, Dr. Tappan, Dr. Folsom, School Committee; Geo. W. Morton, Wm. A. Brooks, Wm. R. Smith, Auditors.

TWO SEA SERPENTS SEEN. The substance of the following account of two monsters of the deep having been seen the past week at the mouth of the Delaware, between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, or what is called the middle ground, was related to us yesterday afternoon, by one of the crew of the schooner Empire from Snow Hill, Md., now in this city.

Captain Lawson was at the time in charge of the wheel, when his vessel grated upon something, which he supposed to be a wreck, from the fact that a dark looking object, resembling at first glance a rusty spar, was at the same time seen, standing erect, immediately by the side, and above the railing. Soon, however, it was discovered to be a body, with a head and mouth which was plainly marked by a reddish color along the side or about the jaws, and the captain with much alarm concluded that he was really and truly instead of going over a wreck, in contact with the old fellow himself, the real "Sea Serpent."

After the schooner had passed over him, it was observed that there were two in company. The one first seen raised himself from the water some 10 or 20 feet, and exhibited a body in length, as near as could be ascertained, full sixty feet. About ten feet from the head there commenced a swell as large as a barrel, covered at stated distances with nearly pointed projections, and reached in length about ten feet, and then quite abruptly, when the body again assumed its regular form, which was, the captain thinks, about the circumference of a schooner's spar.

The full length of the serpent, or whatever it may have been, was judged to be some hundred feet, its head small in proportion to its body. The wind being light, the two were seen together, to the leeward, for full half an hour, seemingly amusing themselves by alternately rising upon the top of the water, and then sinking again beneath the surface, their heads whenever above the water were always observed pointing to the east.

To this statement substantially, Capt. Lawson, as well as his hands, are ready to make oath, as the opportunity presented gave them every chance to see, judge, and make comparatively correct estimates.

THE LOVE AFFAIR AGAIN. The young lady, an account of whose elopement with her lover from her father's house, in a town below us, was given in the Memorial two or three weeks since, made a second, and probably a successful attempt on Thursday last. We learn that on this occasion the lover did not appear in person, but entrusted the execution of the project to faithful agents.

The young lady, under the care of the acting agent in the enterprise, reached here on Thursday afternoon, but not in season for the cars which leave at three o'clock, and was obliged to go on to Boston in a sleigh. The Rev. father arrived here in pursuit of the fair fugitive almost three hours after her departure. As the plans of escape, however, are undoubtedly better laid now, than on the former occasion, and as the express secured here for the young lady was driven by one of our most skillful whips, we think the Rev. gentleman may have been distanced in his chase over the snow banks between here and Boston. We think the chances are, this time, decidedly in favor of the lovers. [Plymouth Memorial.]

The following is the denouement of the drama: "Married, at Hartland, Vt., 31st inst., Alexander Ransom, of Boston, to Miss Margarette, daughter of Rev. Frederick Freeman, of Sandwich." [formerly of this town.]

BATTLE WITH WILD BEASTS. A couple of wolves, from the Rocky Mountains, escaped from their cage in the menagerie of Herr Driesbach, at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 11th; and the Gazette gives the following account of the conflict to secure them:

"At the time there were four men in the building. Herr Driesbach, Paul Morgan, Abraham Shimer, and Arthur Crippen, but accustomed as they were to such animals they thought only of saving the smaller animals that were fastened in different parts of the building, without apprehending personal danger to themselves. Crippen ran out of the building to get a pickaxe, when, closing the door after him, it fastened itself, which kept him out. Morgan hastened to take care of the riding monkey, when one of the wolves attacked him, and got him down, and as Shimer ran to his assistance, he was attacked and overpowered by the other wolf. At this moment Driesbach was the only one disengaged, and picking up a chair he dashed it to pieces, to obtain a round for his club. He then threw the chair, and the wolf that had attacked Shimer, and the other held with a death grip, and required repeated blows; nor did he relinquish the attack until he was knocked dead. The disabled one was afterwards shot. The men were badly bitten, and had they been alone, would inevitably have been killed, for one of them was already fainting."

ANOTHER BEAR STORY. The Skowhegan Clarion tells the following "good" one. Mr. Jonah S. McIntire, of Bingham, while engaged in lumbering, near the Forks of the Kennebec during the last winter, captured two yearling cubs. This winter he visited the same den, and on stepping down to look in, the first cubation which he received was a savage growl within six inches of his nose. He obtained a club and succeeded in driving the bear out, and when he passed him he hit her a blow upon the rump, which so enraged her, that she turned round to attack him, when she received another blow over the nose, which caused her to sheer off. McIntire sprang astride of her back and grabbed her by the ears, in which position he held her until another person came to his assistance and dispatched her. In the den was found three cubs, about the size of a cat, which were also killed.

RUM'S DOINGS. We are informed that a Shoemaker by the name of James Smith, left St. Stephen to go into the back country on Friday evening last, in company with two other men, one of whom was a black man, who were in a state of intoxication. Not satisfied with what they had in them, it appears they stopped on their way to drink more of the uncharitable beverage from a keg they had taken the precaution to have filled before they started; in doing so, Smith, it appears, got off his sled, but from being too drunk to get on again, and his companions being so drunk as not to know whether he was on the sled or not, drove off and left him, the consequence of which was that he was found frozen to death.

SUICIDE AT MONROE. On the 21st inst. Miss Betsey Emery, aged 22, hung herself with a skin rope in the garret of a tenement, detailed to us as follows: "The mother of the deceased had been partially insane for a long time, and the care of the family devolved on the daughter. Mr. Emery was absent from home on business, and the rest of the children were at school. On the return of the father, the daughter was found dead, suspended in the manner above named. Coroner's inquest by R. Sargent. Report, suicide. [Belfast Signal.]

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19.

IN THE SENATE. Mr. Evans submitted a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the correspondence lately had with foreign ministers in relation to a ship canal at the Isthmus of Panama.

Mr. Hannegan made a personal explanation in reply to the statement of Mr. Colquhoun, that (Mr. H.) was hostile to the annexation of Texas, before the Baltimore convention. Mr. H. was, he said, in favor of Texas annexation both before and after the Baltimore convention, but having discovered among the Southern members of Congress symptoms of defection as to Oregon, and suspecting their faith, he refused to vote on the question of annexation, and did not vote on either side of that question.

Mr. Dix, of New York, made his speech on the Oregon question. He went in favor of the notice. He discussed the question of title at length, 1st, considering the laws and usages of nations applicable to acquisitions of territorial title; and 2d, the comparative claims of Great Britain and of the United States to territory on the North West coast, according to those principles. The conclusion at which he arrived was, that Great Britain had no claim whatever to any sovereignty in Oregon, and that the title of the United States was good up to 54 45.

Mr. Dix did not conclude and will continue to-morrow.

IN THE HOUSE. The resolution passed on Tuesday, ordering that copies of printed documents and bills be furnished to reporters, was reconsidered on motion of Mr. Grover, of New York.

The committee on mileage reported a bill regulating the subject, and restricting the allowance in some cases.

The House went into committee on the bill making appropriations for the expenses of the Indian department, and for fulfilling treaty stipulations with the Indian tribes, for the year ending 30th June, 1847.

Mr. Culver of New York, and Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, took exception to all the items for carrying the treaties into effect, for the reason that a portion of the money was to be paid for slaves, as property, taken from the Indians. The bill, he said, was taken as property, by the House, would be a perpetual blot on its character.

Mr. Giddings declared that the Seminole war arose from the attempts to recover runaway slaves in Florida.

Mr. Wick said that, admitting the fact, the government was bound to pay for slaves as property. We demanded and received pay from Great Britain for slaves taken during the last war.

Mr. Giddings was called upon for proof of his assertion that any part of the money was to be paid for slaves.

Mr. G. said the proof could be found in the public archives.

Mr. Sawyer said that Mr. Giddings' denunciations were intended for application to the election in Ohio; to enable him to get every abolition vote for the bill, for he wished to do justice to the Indians as well as to the negroes.

Mr. Brockenbrough denied that the Seminole treaty alluded to in this bill provided for payment for any negro slaves. Whatever claim there ever was for slaves, was paid long ago, and amounted to a very small sum.

Mr. Culver offered an amendment providing that no part of the money be paid for fugitive slaves. This was rejected.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19.

IN THE SENATE. Mr. Dix, of New York, closed his elaborate argument on the Oregon question.

He was followed by Mr. Benton in a brief speech of three quarters of an hour. Mr. Benton paid the highest compliment to Mr. Dix for his able and comprehensive speech. He approved of the policy of the President in the management of the Oregon question in rejecting arbitration and in proposing to put an end to the controversy of 1818. He advocated negotiation, and indeed made a very temperate and pacific speech when contrasted with the furious war tirades of Messrs. Cass and Allen.

Mr. Dickinson has the floor for Monday, to which time the Senate have adjourned.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.

IN THE HOUSE. The bill providing that members shall not receive mileage for constructive journeys, was taken up and passed, yeas 150, nays 10.

Mr. Haralson, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, made an earnest effort to bring the House to the consideration of a bill for raising a company of sappers and miners, and for increasing the army by adding two regiments of dragoons to the present force. The House refused to go into Committee of the whole by a vote of 89 yeas, and then proceeded to the consideration of private bills.

The bill was passed or rejected, except by laying upon the table.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21.

HOUSE. After the journals were read Mr. Brinkenhof of Ohio, moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, with a view of taking up the bill establishing a line of military posts on the route to Oregon, which was not agreed to.

Mr. Yancy moved that when the House adjourn, it adjourn over until Tuesday, in order to enable the members to commemorate the birth-day of the Father of our country. The rules were suspended and the resolution adopted.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of private bills. A bill allowing three hundred dollars to an individual for the loss of a wagon in the Florida war, was on motion of Mr. Rathbun of N. York, laid on the table by a vote of 75 yeas to 24 nays.

The residue of the session was occupied in a protracted debate upon a bill granting a certain sum to the heirs of Col. Grayson of Virginia for services rendered by their ancestor in the revolutionary war. The House adjourned without taking any definite action upon the bill.

IN THE SENATE. To-day, Mr. Brown presented a memorial from Mr. Whitney, on the subject of a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, which was referred to the committee on public lands.

Mr. Fairfield reported a bill for the relief of the forward officers of the exploring expedition.

A joint resolution was reported from the library committee, for presenting certain books to the Minister of Justice of France, which was passed.

Mr. M. Clayton said that it was his intention to call up, to-day, the bill for the adjustment of claims for spoliation committed by France on the coast of Louisiana. He said that he would call up the bill for the day, he gave notice that he would call up that bill to-morrow or as early as practicable.

The bill from the House for the regulation of the mileage of Senators was taken up, and passed by a yeas

REPORT FROM THE WEATHER OFFICE. The Argus gives us the following report. It looks rather stormy.

BRUSSELS, JAN. 2, 1846.
Messrs. Holden and Son—Having received from Professor Cleaveland his accurate annual report of the rain and snow reduced to water, by an established principle, which has fallen from January the 1st, 1845, to January the 1st, 1846, he finds that there has been recorded sixty-eight inches, and fifty-nine hundredths of an inch. Added to this the amount of snow reduced to water, we have seven inches, and seventeen hundredths more. Hence the total amount of moisture will be equal to seventy-five inches and seventy-six one hundredths. Prof. C. has now kept his "Meteorological Tables," very accurately, for the past forty-two years, and he finds that the average amount of moisture which has fallen annually for the above number of years, is between forty and forty-two inches—though in one year he has recorded forty-eight inches. In the month of November last, we had seventeen inches and fifty-one hundredths.

EXTENSIVE EMIGRATION FROM GERMANY TO TEXAS. The Harbinger, a monthly journal published in Germany, are well known to be among the richest depositories of mineral wealth in Europe. A letter from this region, published in the Paris "Journal des Debats" of December 7, says: "In our mountainous emigrations to Texas have been for some time past so numerous that several villages have been completely deserted. Agents going through the country, painting the delights of Texas in glowing colors, have so far excited the imagination of the unfortunate peasants, that the authorities have been obliged to interfere in order to put an end to this traffic in men. In less than three months, more than six thousand inhabitants have left our mountains, where mines of iron, lead, and mercury abound to go in search of gold at the distance of four thousand leagues."

HINTS TO LADIES. A Philadelphia physician, in a letter to a lady, on the deleterious effect of wearing corsets, has the following remarks: "I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unimpeded by the weight of whalebone and tiers of whalebone. The constitutions of our females must be excellent to withstand, in any tolerable degree, the terrible inflictions of the corset eight long hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the honest ox, and enclose his sides with hoop-poles, put an oakum padlock between his ribs, and he would be a good deal and demand of him labor. He would labor, indeed, but it would be for breath."

OUT OF PLACE. There is now living at one of the most fashionable hotels in this city, says the New York Mirror, a young man in the capacity of waiter, who writes an accomplished scholar, a most devoted student of Shakespeare, and who speaks familiarly the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages. There are at the same hotel "shallow-pated" dandies, living by their wits, (who contrive to make a little capital go a great way) and ordering about with the air of an Emperor, the "gentleman and scholar" (whom they address as "waiter"), standing behind his chair. All of these gentlemen seem a little out of place.

FROM HAYTI—End of the War. By the fast sailing bark Hecla, Captain Hoyt, we have advice from Port au Prince to the 10th instant. The project of a new constitution, which has been abandoned for the present, the army of the north having refused to march.

The war excitement has been the main prop of Pierrot's administration, and now there is a prospect of peace, formidable opponents are menacing him with another revolution, and the severity of Hayti into two new states is talked of. [N. Y. Sun.]

THE GREAT FOOT RACE AT NEW ORLEANS.—The great feat of running fifteen miles in an hour and a half came off on the Metairie course on Sunday week. There were four entries, Jason, Gildersleeve, Desmond and Neville, Jackson got the others 600 yards start. At the seventh mile he got up to Gildersleeve, and together they kept for nearly eight miles, at the close of the last mile Gil gained slightly on his man, and won by about three feet. Desmond and Neville came in about 7 or 8 minutes behind. The fifteen miles were performed in an hour and 33 minutes. This is what we call great running, [of fools.] [N. Y. Mirror.]

A CURIOSITY. We last week saw a lamb brought from the farm occupied by Mr. Matthew A. Card, which displayed one of the unaccountable freaks of nature. It had four eyes, three distinct mouths and three tongues. The head was very large. Two of the eyes were in close proximity in the center of the head. On one angle, either side of the head had the appearance of being perfect, one of the eyes in the forehead appearing as if in its proper position. It was dead when found, but apparently alive when born, the night previous. [Bristol Phoenix.]

A VALUABLE SERVANT. The Montgomery Journal, in mentioning Horace King, who was recently emancipated from slavery, by the Legislature of Alabama, says, he is well known for his intelligence and skill as a mechanic, which is displayed in many of the important bridges in that section. He has been very valuable and faithful to his master; and it was stated in the Legislature, had earned for him some seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars.

The Salem Gazette says, Mr. Littlefield has found, under one of the pews of the old East Church a coat which evidently belonged to one of the carpenters employed in erecting the house, a hundred and twenty-eight years ago. It is a specimen of old fashioned economy, having more patches upon it than could be found among a troop of beggars at the present day. In one of the pockets was a gimblet and a piece of chalk, and in the other a cotton handkerchief, in perfect preservation.

THE HUTCHINSONS have made their debut in London, before a select party, consisting principally of the literati. Among others, Charles Dickens, Douglass, and Rogers, (Punch and Sam) Rogers, the poet, and the celebrated Mrs. Norton, were present, and evinced the greatest delight at the performance.

The Wilmington (N. Y.) Chronicle of Wednesday says: "Spring is fast opening upon us. The trees are putting out their foliage, flowers in gardens, (several kinds) are in bloom, and every thing betokens that the reign of winter is closing rapidly."

SIMPLICITY. Sir Robert Peel recently sent a Sabbath with a friend in the country where a vast congregation assembled to hear him preach, having heard that he was a Prime Minister.

The N. Y. Ledger hints that Capt. Tyler's young wife, has left his "bed and board," and gone to her Ma. Can't say how true it is—but the gossips have long made free with these particulars, possibly because they did not fancy the union of winter with spring. If the lady chose to go off in a buff, she had the right to do so. A lady has an inalienable right to do as she may please.

Madame Costello and Mason were on Thursday taken to Blackwell's Island, in fulfillment of their respective sentences—the former for six months, the latter for four.

SOMEBODY HIT. The Massachusetts Dew Drop says that the Directors of the Fall River Railroad have decided by a vote, that no ardent spirit shall be transported over their road. It will not do for them to convey some such men as we have seen in this city. [Bangor Whig.]

POVERTY IN OREGON. The Catholic Almanac for 1846, says that in Oregon there are already 16 priests, one religious institution for young men, and one for females; also academies and 7500 of a Romanist population.

A sheep weighing 754 pounds is on exhibition in Philadelphia. When?

The Humorist.

WASHING DAY.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines
And set them all a flying.
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I saw—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!
I saw them straddling through the air,
I saw 'em too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them.
They were my darling and my pride,
My boyhood's only clothes;
"Farewell! farewell!" I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O, my breeches!"
That night I saw them in my dreams:
How changed from what I knew them;
The dew had steeped their faded threads,
The wind had whistled through them,
I saw the wide and gleaming rain
Lashed the wide and gleaming rain
A hole was in their hinder parts,
As if an imp had worn them.
I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But those young pantalons have gone,
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long lost breeches.

BABY TALK. It did our heart good, yesterday,
To hear a young and happy mother sing to her
pet after the following manner—
Where is the baby? Bless its heart—
Where is mother's darling boy?
Doesn't it little hands apart,
The dancet, beseech me?
Grow just as fat as butter!
And it will poke its little fingers in
Its tummy little mouth, and mutter
Nice little words,
Nicer little words,
And so it will, and so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mummy say.
And does it wink its little eyes,
When it's mad and out of creases?
And does it squall like a chick-a-dee
At everything it sees?
Well it does. Why not, I pray?
Aint it mother's darling every day?
Oh! what's the matter? Oh my! oh my!
What makes my sweetest chicken cry?
Oh nasty, ugly pin, to prick it;
It's darlin' muzzer's darlin' cricket!
There! there! she's thrown it in
The fire; the kool, wicked pin!
There! hush my honey, go to sleep,
Kicked in a cradle of deep!

[New York Telegraph.]

Somebody at Washington has perpetrated the following awful impromptu, upon the House of Representatives, which, perhaps, has no little truth about it:

"Some there are with smooth and polished pate,
Who in the House wear speck and lace;
These out often rule or bore, or
But just about this time you'll find them down at
Walker's making a most consumptive time over eggs
and oysters."
A YOUNG GOOSE. A gentleman doing the
marketing for his household, was attracted by a
pump, extra sized well cleaned goose.
"Is it a young one?" said he to a bonny rosy
checked country lass.
"Yes sir, indeed it is," was the ready reply.
"And how much do you want for it?"
"A dollar, sir."
"That is too much, I think, say 87 cents, and
here's your money."
"Well sir, as I would like to get you for a
steady customer, take it away."
The goose was taken home, and roasted for
Sunday's dinner, but it was found difficult to
carve, and when cut up was found uneatable.
The gentleman went to market on the following
market day, and there met with his fair poultry-
er.
"Did you not tell me that goose was young
which I bought of you?"
"Yes, sir, I did, and so it was. Don't you
call me a young woman? I'm only 16."
"Yes, I do."
"Well I heard mother say, many a time, that
it was nearly six weeks younger than me."

Tom—Hollo! Ned! What on air are yew
standin' here for?
Ned—Don't interrupt me, Tom, keep quiet,
and just plant your peepers on them wires.
Tom—What's the sense of that, Ned?
Ned—Why, don't you know they've got that
lightnin' express a goin' 'n' they've got that
Tom—No! have they though?
Ned—Sartin! and for tw blessed hours I've
stood here, expectin' every minit tew see a letter
go by.

There's nothing new in these electro magnetic
inventions, says our baker the other morning—
We have always made bread by lightning—
Yes, said our kitchen maid, and you and the
butcher and the rest of you have made money
by lightning—your weights. A saucy girl that.

A GOOD HIT. A coxcomb, talking of the trans-
migration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I
have no doubt I was the golden calf."
"Very likely," replied the lady; "time has
robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

The Brooklyn Advertiser tells the following—
A gentleman of some age, who had elected N. G. of
one of the Old Fellows' Lodges about three weeks
since, and his lady was so elated with the honor
conferred upon her lord and master, that she pre-
sented him with three fine, plump babies, at one
birth, during the past week. We learn that the
fortunate man positively declines to be a candidate
for re-election.

An Irish gentleman, previously to the trial of
a cause in which he was defendant, was informed
by his counsel, that if there were any of the
jury to whom he had any personal objections, he
might legally challenge them.
"Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do
not bring me off handsomely, I'll challenge every
man of them."

A famous punster being desired to make a pun
extempore, asked, "Upon what subject?" "The
king," was the answer. "O, sir," replied the
wit, "the king is not a subject."

A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance,
once took on board a large number of passen-
gers at a port in the Emerald Isle, to bring to this
country. On approaching our coast, he was
suddenly assailed, but found no bottom.
"And did you strike the ground, Captain," in-
quired one of the Irishmen.
"No," was the reply.
"And will ye be so good as to tell us," rejoined
Pat, "how near ye came to it?"

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the
lawlessness of his children in company, by saying
his wife always "gives them their own way."
"Poor things," was her prompt response, "it's
all I have to give them!"

A new patent stove has been invented for cold
weather. It is to be worn in the boot. A mud-
draster is to be placed in the hat, which
draws the heat through the whole system.

Dow, Jr., says when a man becomes poor, and
gets hard up, with big owl-eyed starvation star-
ing at him from a short distance, he will turn off
and go devilward in spite of all pious pushings
to the contrary. Righteousness and roast beef
are luxuries that he can't afford.

"Why am I a pumpkin like a last year's calf?"
"Coz it can't pump a tree."

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

Ashes, per 100 lbs.	Provisions,
Pot, 7 @ 8	Pork, round hogs, 5 @ 6
Beans, 1 @ 1.25	Clear salt do., 5 @ 5.50
Peas, 1 @ 1.00	Boef, cow, 5 @ 5.50
Flour, 65 @ 7.00	Butter, 14 @ 16
Grain, 83 @ 95	Lard, 9 @ 11
Oats, 83 @ 40	Cheese, 6 @ 9
Wheat, 100 @ 1.25	Mutton, 2 @ 4
Rye, 95 @ 1.00	Chickens, 7 @ 10
Barley, 45 @ 60	Geese, 5 @ 6
Peas, 100 @ 1.00	Eggs, 12 @ 14
Hay, loose, 10 @ 12.00	Apples, dr'd, 4 @ 5
Seed, 9 @ 10	do. cooking, 20 @ 30
Clover, 1 @ 1.00	do. winter, 40 @ 50
Flax seed, 1 @ 1.00	Potatoes, 50 @ 60
H. grass, 200 @ 2.25	Meal, 37 @ 40
Red top, 87 @ 95	Indian, 55 @ 65
Plaster Paris, 6 @ 10	Rye, 55 @ 100
Lime, 9 @ 10	Wool, 25 @ 30
Thomson, new iron, 9 @ 95	Fleece, 25 @ 30
	Pulled, 25 @ 30
	Woolskins, 25 @ 30

BOSTON MARKET, February 23.
Flour.—The news by the Cambria has had the effect to give more firmness to the market and prices are a little better. Sales have been made of 2 to 3000 lbs. of common, at \$5.65; 500 do. at \$5.12; 500 do. Frederickburg, at \$5; Georgetown, extra brand, at \$5.25; Ohio and Michigan, \$5.25; 400 lbs. Ohio via New Orleans, at \$5.25 per barrel.
Grain.—The corn market has improved, and has become firmer since the arrival of the steamer. Two or three cargoes of Southern white have been sold at 62 c. and good yellow flat at 65 c. 70 c. 11,000 bushels New Orleans white at about 61 c. Sales of Southern oats at 43 c. 44 c. 45 c. 46 c. 47 c. 48 c. 49 c. 50 c. 51 c. 52 c. 53 c. 54 c. 55 c. 56 c. 57 c. 58 c. 59 c. 60 c. 61 c. 62 c. 63 c. 64 c. 65 c. 66 c. 67 c. 68 c. 69 c. 70 c. 71 c. 72 c. 73 c. 74 c. 75 c. 76 c. 77 c. 78 c. 79 c. 80 c. 81 c. 82 c. 83 c. 84 c. 85 c. 86 c. 87 c. 88 c. 89 c. 90 c. 91 c. 92 c. 93 c. 94 c. 95 c. 96 c. 97 c. 98 c. 99 c. 100 c.
Wool.—American Full Blood, 37 @ 40; 38 @ 41; 39 @ 42; 40 @ 43; 41 @ 44; 42 @ 45; 43 @ 46; 44 @ 47; 45 @ 48; 46 @ 49; 47 @ 50; 48 @ 51; 49 @ 52; 50 @ 53; 51 @ 54; 52 @ 55; 53 @ 56; 54 @ 57; 55 @ 58; 56 @ 59; 57 @ 60; 58 @ 61; 59 @ 62; 60 @ 63; 61 @ 64; 62 @ 65; 63 @ 66; 64 @ 67; 65 @ 68; 66 @ 69; 67 @ 70; 68 @ 71; 69 @ 72; 70 @ 73; 71 @ 74; 72 @ 75; 73 @ 76; 74 @ 77; 75 @ 78; 76 @ 79; 77 @ 80; 78 @ 81; 79 @ 82; 80 @ 83; 81 @ 84; 82 @ 85; 83 @ 86; 84 @ 87; 85 @ 88; 86 @ 89; 87 @ 90; 88 @ 91; 89 @ 92; 90 @ 93; 91 @ 94; 92 @ 95; 93 @ 96; 94 @ 97; 95 @ 98; 96 @ 99; 97 @ 100; 98 @ 101; 99 @ 102; 100 @ 103; 101 @ 104; 102 @ 105; 103 @ 106; 104 @ 107; 105 @ 108; 106 @ 109; 107 @ 110; 108 @ 111; 109 @ 112; 110 @ 113; 111 @ 114; 112 @ 115; 113 @ 116; 114 @ 117; 115 @ 118; 116 @ 119; 117 @ 120; 118 @ 121; 119 @ 122; 120 @ 123; 121 @ 124; 122 @ 125; 123 @ 126; 124 @ 127; 125 @ 128; 126 @ 129; 127 @ 130; 128 @ 131; 129 @ 132; 130 @ 133; 131 @ 134; 132 @ 135; 133 @ 136; 134 @ 137; 135 @ 138; 136 @ 139; 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